

THE AUTHOR:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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LONGEVITY AND LITERARY FAME.

Although some of the most brilliant and famous men have died young,—Byron, Burns, Keats, Shelley, Raphael, Mozart, none of whose lives exceeded thirty-six years,—still, these were rare and remarkable exceptions,—men whose fire and energy prematurely wore out their spirit's tenement. A long life is an important factor in the winning of fame, and it is a most encouraging fact that, without it, some of the most famous men would have been consigned to immediate and everlasting oblivion. Suppose Shakespeare, the greatest of all poets, ancient and modern,—upon whose brow the universal world has placed the wreath of immortality,—suppose Shakespeare had died before the age of thirty-three, we should have lost the richest fruits of his inexhaustible imagination, and all that delicious play of wit

and fancy which make his works the most precious inheritance that genius has bequeathed to mankind. And the fame of Shakespeare, resting upon a few sonnets and amatory poems, would long since have perished.

Had Milton died before threescore, his Latin verses and Italian sonnets, his English lyrics and prose compositions would not have given him a permanent place in literature; but living to write "Paradise Lost," his name will not die until time shall be no more. "These are my brains; with these I will win titles and compete with fortune," said Dean Swift. "These are my bullets; these I will turn into gold." Yet, in spite of his immense genius, Swift fought a long and terrible battle, in which fate seemed always against him. His youth was made bitter by a degrading service, which was particularly galling to his proud spirit. He was one of those intellectual giants who live apart from and above common humanity. The monarchs of the mind, like the kings on thrones, must live apart. They can have no companions. Swift was past middle age before he had written any work worthy of lasting fame, but he persevered in the face of poverty, neglect, and every discouragement, and by the time he was fifty he proved the truth of the saying that "everything comes to him who waits"—and works. The proudest peers of England sought his friendship; cabinet ministers asked his advice; premiers listened to his opinions; and "Gulliver's Travels" gave him an immortal fame.

Sir Walter Scott's genius was of slow growth.

He was thirty-four when the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was written, and forty-three when the first of the Waverley novels was published. His best novels were written between the ages of forty-five and sixty, yet he made a million of dollars and a great literary fame. Goldsmith said of himself that he was a plant that bloomed late, but he bloomed with such exquisite beauty that, dying at the age of forty-six, he left a literary legacy which has delighted the world for more than a century.

George Sand said for a long time the editors' fires were lighted by her literary failures, yet she persevered, and at length won a brilliant fame and a splendid fortune. The motto of every person who aspires to literary distinction should be, *Nil desperandum*. Balzac, the greatest novelist that ever lived, had a desperate struggle before his genius was recognized. He was so poor that he lived on three pennyworth of bread, two of meal, and three of sausages. This prevented him from dying of hunger, and left his brain singularly clear. His lodging cost him three sous a day. His oil cost him the same amount. He was his own housemaid. Yet, from this depth of poverty, he rose to a pre-eminence not only among the authors of France, but of the world, married a princess, and reared himself a palace. If he had abandoned literature in despair at an age when Keats and Shelley had sung their immortal song, one of the brightest stars in the literary firmament would have long since disappeared.

Daniel Webster said there was always room at the top in law; and so there is in literature. But in these days the favorite field of young writers is the magazines, and when it is remembered that ten thousand articles are sent to *Harper's Magazine* and the *Century* every year, and that each of these magazines publishes annually only three hundred articles, it will be readily seen that there is a very small chance for beginners in what are called the leading American magazines.

The case of Anthony Trollope offers great encouragement to young authors. His early failures in literature were numerous. In his very frank autobiography he says that during ten years of literary work he did not earn

enough to buy the pens, ink, and paper which he used, but he persevered, and lived to make \$15,000 by a single novel. He declared that there was "no career of life so charming as that of a successful man of letters. If you like the town, you can live in the town, and do your work there; if you like the country, you can live in the country. Your work can be done on the top of the mountain, or at the bottom of the pit. It is compatible with the rolling of the sea, and the motion of the railway. The clergyman, the doctor, the lawyer, must dress according to some fixed law, but the author need sacrifice to no graces, hardly even to propriety." I do not quote Trollope as a model novelist, but only as a model of perseverance. He said: "When I sit down to write a novel, I do not know and I do not care how it is to end." And his readers were of the same opinion.

Had Macaulay died before he was fifty, two or three dozen clever essays would have been the only literary legacy that he left to the world,—not enough to give him an enduring fame. But he conceived and wrote the "History of England," the most brilliant and fascinating history that the world has ever seen, and his name is immortal. But it was hard, patient, persistent work that made his history what it is. His nephew and biographer says: "Macaulay never allowed a sentence to pass muster until it was as good as he could make it. He thought little of recasting a whole chapter in order to obtain a more lucid arrangement, and nothing whatever of reconstructing a paragraph for one happy stroke or apt illustration. Whatever the worth of his labor, at any rate it was a labor of love." It is related of Leonardo da Vinci that he would walk the whole length of Milan that he might alter a single tint in his picture of the Last Supper, and that Napoleon kept the returns of his army under his pillow to refer to in case he was sleepless. What his picture was to Leonardo, and his campaigns were to Napoleon, that was his history to Macaulay. Of him could be said what Cecil said of Sir Walter Raleigh: "He can labor terribly." Here is one example: While engaged upon that brilliant, but painful, chapter in which he describes the Massacre of Glencoe, he wrote and rewrote it three or four times, actually

spending nineteen working days over thirty octavo pages.

Thackeray had a hard struggle before he succeeded in writing a book that established his fame. He married early, and wrote for bread. "Vanity Fair" was his first successful work, and that was not written until he was near forty, before which he had published many books, none of which showed any remarkable talent. After "Vanity Fair," however, it was all easy sailing, and so his perseverance was splendidly rewarded. If Benjamin Disraeli had died before he was sixty, where would have been the brilliant fame of the Earl of Beaconsfield?

My advice to all who wish to succeed in literature is to make the most of the present time, which alone is ours. Lose not a moment of the priceless treasure. Hoard it as the miser does his gold. Write, if it be only a line a day. Regular work is what tells, not spasmodic spurts. If you have not yet begun, begin now. It is never too late to begin. *Eugene L. Didier.*

BALTIMORE, Md.

THE RHYMING MANIA.

I gave a piece of advice the other day which I said I thought deserved a paragraph to itself. It was from a letter I wrote not long ago to an unknown young correspondent, who had a longing for seeing himself in verse, but was not hopelessly infatuated with the idea that he was born a "poet." "When you write in prose," I said, "you say what you *mean*. When you write in verse you say what you *must*." I was thinking more especially of *rhymed* verse. Rhythm alone is a tether, and not a very long one. But rhymes are iron fetters; it is dragging a chain and ball to march under their incumbrance; it is a clog-dance you are figuring in, when you execute your metrical *pas seul*. Consider under what a disadvantage your thinking powers are laboring when you are handicapped by the inexorable demands of our scanty English rhyming vocabulary! You want to say something about the heavenly bodies, and you have a beautiful line ending with the word *stars*. Were you writing in prose, your imagination, your fancy, your rhetoric, your musical ear for the harmonies of language, would all have full play. But there is your rhyme fastening you by the leg, and you must either reject the line which pleases you, or you must whip your

hobbling fancy and all your limping thoughts into the traces which are hitched to one of three or four or half a dozen serviceable words. You cannot make any use of *cars*, I will suppose; you have no occasion to talk about *scars*; "the red planet Mars" has been used already; Dibdin has said enough about the gallant *tars*; what is there left for you but *bars*? So you give up your train of thought, capitulate to necessity, and manage to lug in some kind of allusion, in place or out of place, which will allow you to make use of *bars*. Can there be imagined a more certain process for breaking up all continuity of thought, for taking out all the vigor, all the virility, which belongs to natural prose as the vehicle of strong, graceful, spontaneous thought, than this miserable subjugation of intellect to the clink of well or ill-matched syllables? I think you will smile if I tell you of an idea I have had about teaching the art of writing "poems" to the half-witted children at the Idiot Asylum. The trick of rhyming cannot be more usefully employed than in furnishing a pleasant amusement to the poor feeble-minded children. I should feel that I was well employed in getting up a primer for the pupils of the asylum, and other young persons who are incapable of serious thought and connected expression. I would start in the simplest way, thus:—

When darkness veils the evening
I love to close my weary

The pupil begins by supplying the missing words, which most children who are able to keep out of fire and water can accomplish after a certain number of trials. When the poet that is to be has got so as to perform this task easily, a skeleton verse, in which two or three words of each line are omitted, is given the child to fill up. By and by the more difficult forms of metre are outlined, until at length a feeble-minded child can make out a sonnet, completely equipped with its four pairs of rhymes in the first section and its three pairs in the second part.

Poetry is commonly thought to be the language of emotion. On the contrary, most of what is so called proves the absence of all passionate excitement. It is a cold-blooded, haggard, anxious, worrying hunt after rhymes which can be made serviceable, after images which will be effective, after phrases which are sonorous,—all this under limitations which restrict the natural movements of fancy and imagination. There is a secondary excitement in overcoming the difficulties of rhythm and rhyme, no doubt, but this is not the emotional heat excited by the subject of the "poet's" treat-

ment. True poetry, the best of it, is but the ashes of a burnt-out passion. The flame was in the eye and in the cheek, the coals may be still burning in the heart, but when we come to the words it leaves behind it, a little warmth, a cinder or two just glimmering under the dead gray ashes,—that is all we can look for. When it comes to the manufactured article, one is surprised to find how well the metrical artisans have learned to imitate the real thing. They catch all the phrases of the true poet. They imitate his metrical forms as a mimic copies the gait of the person he is representing.

Now, I am not going to abuse "these same metre ballad-mongers," for the obvious reason that, as all The Teacups know, I myself belong to the fraternity. I don't think that this reason should hinder my having my say about the ballad-mongering business. For the last thirty years I have been in the habit of receiving a volume of poems or a poem, printed or manuscript, — I will not say daily, though I sometimes receive more than one in a day, but at very short intervals. I have been consulted by hundreds of writers of verse as to the merit of their performances, and have often advised the writers to the best of my ability. Of late I have found it impossible to attempt to read critically all the literary productions, in verse and in prose, which have heaped themselves on every exposed surface of my library, like snow-drifts along the railroad tracks, — blocking my literary pathway, so that I can hardly find my daily papers.

What is the meaning of this rush into rhyming of such a multitude of people, of all ages, from the infant phenomenon to the oldest inhabitant?

Many of my young correspondents have told me in so many words, "I want to be famous." Now, it is true that of all the short cuts to fame, in time of peace, there is none shorter than the road paved with rhymes. Byron woke up one morning and found himself famous. Still more notably did Rouget de l'Isle fill the air of France, nay, the whole atmosphere of freedom all the world over, with his name wafted on the wings of the Marseillaise, the work of a single night. But if by fame the aspirant means having his name brought before and kept before the public, there is a much cheaper way of acquiring that kind of notoriety. Have your portrait taken as a "Wonderful cure of a desperate disease given up by all the doctors." You will get a fair likeness of yourself and a partial biographical notice, and have the satisfaction, if not of promoting the welfare of the community, at least of advancing the financial interests of the benefactor whose enterprise has given you your

coveted notoriety. If a man wants to be famous, he had much better try the advertising doctor than the terrible editor, whose waste-basket is a maw which is as insatiable as the temporary stomach of Jack the Giant-killer.

"You must not talk so," said Number Five. "I know you don't mean any wrong to the true poets, but you might be thought to hold them cheap, whereas you value the gift in others,—in yourself, too, I rather think. There are a great many women—and some men—who write in verse from a natural instinct which leads them to that form of expression. If you could peep into the portfolio of all the cultivated women among your acquaintances, you would be surprised, I believe, to see how many of them trust their thoughts and feelings to verse which they never think of publishing, and much of which never meets any eyes but their own. Don't be cruel to the sensitive natures who find a music in the harmonies of rhythm and rhyme which soothes their own souls, if it reaches no farther."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes, in "Over the Teacups," in the March Atlantic.*

PROFITS OF AUTHORSHIP.

The phenomenal sales of many recent books, notably "Ben Hur" and "Looking Backward," have led the general public to believe that the business of authorship must be a profitable one. Consequently the recent statement ascribed to Dr. Edward Eggleston, himself a successful writer, in disproof of this opinion, has been received with surprise. Dr. Eggleston, according to a literary journal, holds that there is not a single American author who really makes an income out of his books. Dr. Eggleston files his caveat against this quotation of him, but to see how largely this sentiment prevails among authors, I have gathered the opinions of some of the most successful American writers of the present day upon this topic. Dr. Eggleston writes thus in repudiation of the bald statement attributed to him, but in reiteration of the poor financial returns of authorship: "Of course, I did not say anything so preposterous as the words attributed to me. What I did say before a congressional committee was that I did not know any author who had acquired a *competence* by literary work *properly so-called*. I proceeded to exclude school-books, editing, and the purveying of sensational matter not properly literature. Of course, authors acquire an 'income' from their books. Mr. Longfellow was a professor, and made good investments. Mr. Emerson was poor during the

greater part of his life, I believe, though he endured the drudgery of lyceum lecturing, and it is said he only gained a competence in old age by good investments. Hawthorne was driven to drudge for a book-maker, like Goodrich, and to seek public offices; Mr. Lowell has had other sources of income; Mr. Howells has had, let us hope, a liberal editorial salary; Colonel Higginson published a successful school-book. My very point is that authors are driven from the production of literature, 'properly so-called,' to drudgery or sensationalism by the desire to earn that sufficiency which literature does not give. The newspaper in point may or may not in its critical moments class the profitable juveniles of Miss Alcott, Mr. Trowbridge, and 'Oliver Optic' with literature properly so-called. It is a matter of opinion. Mr. Aldrich's admirable 'Story of a Bad Boy,' which I should call literature without a question mark, did not reach the tenth part of the circulation attained by Boston juveniles of flimsier texture.

"Let me remark I am combating the notion very prevalent among Congressmen that an author of reputation has opened a bonanza. Of all the learned professions literature is the most poorly paid. The leading authors must be compared with leading lawyers, doctors, and ministers. If you compare a successful author with a country lawyer or the pastor of a village church, you might make a fair showing. But what author ever hopes to attain the income enjoyed, say, by the late Dr. Willard Parker or by Mr. Evarts? The body of working litterateurs who make pot-boilers for the booksellers all their lives, and are never known to the newspapers in such a discussion as this, certainly have no hope of more than the livelihood of a very humble professional man.

"For many years I have been accustomed to warn young men off from beginning a literary career, because so few of the literary workers ever attain a competency."

Charles Dudley Warner, one of the most active of literary workers, thus writes upon this question: "There have been three or four cases of American authors who have made large and living incomes out of their books. In some cases the books have been good literature, in others very mediocre and poor. But these cases are exceptional. As a rule, the author gets only a small return out of his books, and it is pretty safe to say that no author could live by his books alone. It is very rare that a novelist gets as much for his novel in book form as he had for it as a magazine serial, and, speaking generally, no book

pays as well as an article in a good magazine.

"I fancy that it is literally true that American authors could not live if it was not for the magazines. The usual per cent. going to an author is ten. One can easily reckon how large an edition must be sold to bring the author any considerable sum. Considering the time, preparation, brains, put into writing, literature is more poorly paid than anything else in this country."

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, whose stories of girl life are so successful, writes: "What a 'living' requires will always vary; but a long list of names must readily occur to those conversant with literary matters, which would seem to protest against the statement that a comfortable income cannot be realized by people of the pen from their labors. We do not get any too much, certainly, for the work that makes such demand upon vital thought, and our interest in our productions is so definitely limited that, unless we can save from their proceeds during the years of copyright, we have practically but an annuity, and not a property to leave behind us; all of which sets literature as a business at a disadvantage. But that we are not paid as we go along, I for one do not complain. And I do not see that we have ground for dissatisfaction with our percentages of sales, since the work of publication, which assumes all work and trouble for us from the moment a manuscript is completed, must, to make it what we need, be maintained in its reach and enterprise with certain and adequate relations. But for these our strong publishing-houses could not exist; and while we must allow that a great deal of good writing fails somehow of that popular recognition which gives pecuniary success, we must acknowledge that those whose books do fortunately sell must submit themselves to a share in average loss in the form of a less remuneration than might be made them were there only one side to the ledger. I have confidence in my own publishers that this is their necessity.

"As regards young authors, I am afraid the book world is becoming so crowded in these days that individual hopes have less and less to rest on; and I should hesitate to advise the choice of writing as a profession where bread and butter depend actually and wholly upon it. If the bread and butter come, there will probably be enough. But there might be chance for starvation before the supplies would begin."

Julian Hawthorne writes thus: "I do not think literature is to be recommended to young people as a profession. Hardly half a dozen in ten thousand can expect to make a decent living out of it. And

those few will have to work like beavers all the time. But to say that no American author makes an income out of his books is to go too far. What about Samuel Clemens? Mrs. Southworth? Mrs. Burnett? Archibald Claverling Gunter? I think that Stockton does pretty well, and Howells, and James, and Cable, and several others. Many of our authors make an income from writing, as distinct from royalties on published books. Magazines, newspapers, — daily and weekly, — newspaper syndicates, etc., afford the opportunity. The rate of remuneration in my case (and I know in other cases) has varied from \$10 a 1,000 words, when I began, to \$50 now, though this depends somewhat on the character of the work."

Frank Stockton thus writes: "I think the statement probably is correct that no American author makes a living income solely from the royalties on his books. But I know, from personal experience, that it is possible for an American author to make a satisfactory living income from the profits on his books, combined with the payments received for the publication of his works in periodicals, previous to their appearance in book form; and this without assistance from journalistic work or any other source of income. But I must add that my experience also tells me that before an author finds himself in the position above mentioned, his labors and his wants will be, probably, considerable. This is a trite statement, but I cannot refrain from making it."

Professor Hjalmar H. Boyesen writes: "I know but two American authors who could secure an income sufficient to live on, in comfort, from their writings — 'Mark Twain' and Howells. The latter, I fancy, does not live on his literary income. I suppose the majority of them could keep soul and body together, but it would be a cramped, skimpy, threadbare sort of a life. If you cannot live roomily, and with an existence near a somewhat stately appearance, what is the good of living at all? I am well paid for all the literary work I do; but I could not begin to support my family in any sort of comfort (according to my notion of comfort) on what my writings bring me."

George W. Cable thus describes his own experience: "I have no source of revenue whatever except my literary work and the reading of my pages on the public platform. I could live upon the sale of my manuscripts and books alone, if I had to, although I have a large family. I am sure there are, at least, a few authors in America whose incomes from their literary work are larger than mine."

William T. Adams, better known as "Oliver Optic," thus states his position: "Within my own knowledge are several authors living on the income of their books. I suppose the quotation must mean an income of over and above their expenses of living. Even in this case the statement is not correct. The expenses of one author might be \$1,000, and of another \$20,000, so that the statement means nothing in that sense. Of course, I regard it as possible for an author to acquire an independent income from authorship. If he were to confine himself entirely to books, I should say that it would still be possible, though he might starve before this result were reached, if he depended wholly on his copyrights."

Mr. Howells writes calling attention to his discussion of this topic in the March number of *Harper's Magazine*. He says, however, of the money-making feature of literature, this: "The sum of it is this: be an author if that is your love and your life, but rather be anything else if you wish first to make money." — *Sidney Rotch, in the Philadelphia Press*.

BRET HARTE.

When Bret Harte, then at the perihelion of his comet-like literary career, was sojourning at Newport, a fashionable lady asked his wife confidentially, "What is your husband's real name?" That name, so crisp and individual, always seemed to add something to the vogue which its fortunate possessor enjoyed. But our well-beloved storyteller was christened in his native Albany, Francis Brett Harte. The final letter of his second name went first; the Francis was abbreviated to an initial, and was subsequently eliminated altogether. As Bret Harte we shall always know and admire the creator of our new far-western literature.

While yet a lad of fifteen, Harte drifted with many another youthful adventurer to the new Eldorado. This was in 1854, when the first wave of migration had spent itself on the enchanted shores of the land of gold. It was an age of unrest, and Harte, imbibing the spirit of adventure that moved everybody in those feverish days, dipped into mining, tried his hand at teaching school, learned to set type, and even essayed a little in frontier journalism. At one time he was an express-rider, and in this vocation he explored the woody ravines and torn gulches of that part of Northern California that we find reproduced, with scenes of life and character, in tales that have fascinated the English-speaking world.

It was while setting type in the composing-room of the *Golden Era*, a weekly paper in San Francisco, that he undertook a little work of a distinctively literary character. A few urban sketches, "A Boy's Dog," "Sidewalkings," "In a Balcony," and the like, were submitted to the editor, accepted, and printed. The young printer was invited into the editorial room, and his literary work had fairly begun. Not long after he joined a little band of enthusiasts who started a weekly paper called *The Californian*. In the columns of this journal and of some of the daily papers appeared a variety of trifles in prose and in verse from his pen, since garnered carefully for the delight of eager readers.

Appointed in 1864 to the easy birth of secretary of the San Francisco Branch Mint, Harte found freedom from pecuniary cares and much leisure, in which he pursued literature to such good purpose that he produced "John Burns, of Gettysburg," "The Pliocene Skull," "The Society on the Stanislow," and many other famous things, including the inimitable "Condensed Novels," in the writing of which, it has always seemed to the writer, a new set of mental faculties was required. During this period, too, in 1868, Mr. A. Roman, a liberal San Francisco publisher, projected the *Overland Monthly*. No man but Bret Harte was thought of for its editor. The first number of the new venture made its appearance in July, 1864. Months before, Harte had begun a short story which was to have been ready for the opening number. By dint of much hard labor, and with many protestations on his part that he had been unduly hurried, his first serious bit of fiction was ready for printing in the August issue of the *Overland*. It was worth waiting for; it was "The Luck of Roaring Camp." The publisher of the magazine was out of town when the tale was put in type. A young lady was in charge of the proof-reading. She declared that the story was very improper, and when she came to Stumpy's delighted remark, "He rasted with my finger, the d—d little cuss," she flatly refused to be any longer a party to proceedings so indecent. Of the council of war called by the junior partner of the firm, the perturbation of the little literary world of San Francisco, and Harte's grim assertion of his editorial prerogative it is not necessary here to make mention.

San Francisco was not stirred by the appearance of this wonderful little tale. It was the general reverberation of a chorus of admiration from the Atlantic States that told the people of that city that they had among them a genius. It was not until January of the following year that "The Out-

cast of Poker Flat" appeared to slake the thirst of the reading public for more of Harte's stories. While this was in process of incubation, Harte said to a friend in reply to inquiries for the progress of the tale, "I am now engaged in a calculation to ascertain how long a half-sack of flour and six pounds of side-meat will last a given number of persons." This was the provision of the outcasts until starvation invaded their camp in the snowbound Sierras.

Harte has always been a careful, even fastidious worker. This trait has appeared in everything that he has done. Calling on a friend at his San Francisco office, and finding him absent, Harte wrote a very brief note on an unimportant matter, and left it on the desk. His friend, coming in afterward and noticing that his waste-basket, which should have been empty, was well littered, had the curiosity to examine the scraps, and found that Harte had written four notes before he was satisfied with his work. At another time, while visiting with his family some friends in the country, Mrs. Harte came late to the breakfast table, and, being asked for her spouse, explained that she left him trying to match a cravat with the stockings he had decided to wear for the day.

Why did Harte do all his best work in California? Why did his muse suffer a partial eclipse when he moved to the Eastern States? The explanation is easy to those who knew the man and his antecedents. While unknown, and not famous, he wrote with a certain unconsciousness, or non-expectancy of applause, that was calculated to provoke to the best work. His sudden fame crippled, to a certain degree, his energies. Then again, the long period of his mind's lying fallow, absorbing germinals, was succeeded by the period of fertility during which he produced the masterpieces that began with "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Plain Language from Truthful James," or "The Heathen Chinese," "Tennessee's Partner," and "Miggles," and ended with others that were never afterward equalled by him or anybody else. The sources of his inspiration had begun to run low when he came to New York to be a literary lion and to accept a contract of fabulous profitability, as his friends thought. While United States consul to Crefield from 1878 to 1880, and to Glasgow until 1885, Harte made little addition to his fame. His latter works are many, and his stories continue to delight multitudes of readers, even if they are not fully up to the standard of his earlier work. The slightest of them retain a freshness of subject, a delicacy of texture, and a charm of style that are peculiar to the author. — *The Book Buyer for March*.

THE AUTHOR.

WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Items of personal gossip about literary people and notes about their work are always welcome.

All subscriptions for THE AUTHOR must begin with the January number, and be for one year.

Short, practical articles on any topic connected with literary work are always wanted for THE AUTHOR and THE WRITER.

Friends of THE AUTHOR will do the publisher a favor by informing him when news-dealers say that they cannot supply the magazine.

Many of the "Queries" in THE AUTHOR for January still remain unanswered. Cannot somebody supply the information that is desired?

Any subscriber who wishes to have his set of THE AUTHOR for 1889 bound may do so by sending to the publisher, prepaid, his unbound numbers, — provided they are untrimmed and in

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Single numbers of THE AUTHOR for any month of 1889 may still be had, but the supply for some months is nearly gone. Soon it will be too late to complete your files.

Any regular buyer of THE AUTHOR may secure, free of cost, a copy of the full index for Volume III. by sending to the publisher his address and the address of the news-dealer who regularly supplies him with the magazine.

No writer can afford to have his name omitted from the "Directory of Writers," now in preparation. No charge of any kind is made for the insertion of addresses. The editor earnestly desires that the first edition of the Directory shall be made as nearly complete as possible.

Three bound volumes of THE WRITER and one bound volume of THE AUTHOR are now ready for delivery. The four volumes will be sent, post-paid, to any address for five dollars. For two dollars more, — seven dollars in all, — a subscription for THE WRITER and THE AUTHOR for 1890 will be given in addition. The price of single bound volumes of either magazine is \$1.50.

"THE WRITER" FOR MARCH.

THE WRITER for March contains a long article on "Questions of Copyright" by William H. Hills, in which are given a series of directions for securing copyright prepared by the Librarian of Congress, together with information on special points taken from circular letters which the Librarian of Congress has had to prepare in answer to numerous inquiries that he has received. Many puzzling questions about copyright matters are answered in the article, which contains much information that has never before been published. Other articles in the same number are: "Copy — What Constitutes It?" by Lavinia S. Goodwin;

"The Treacherous Metaphor," by Amos R. Wells; and "Will Carleton," by Wayland Dalrymple Ball. The departments, entitled "Queries," "The Scrap Basket," "The Use and Misuse of Words," "Book Reviews," "Helpful Hints and Suggestions," "Literary Articles in Periodicals," and "Literary News and Notes" are as interesting as usual. Every subscriber for THE AUTHOR should be a subscriber for THE WRITER as well.

MR. HOWELLS' FIRST WORK.

On page 132 of THE AUTHOR for September, 1889, occurs a paragraph in which is found this: "W. D. Howells' first literary work outside of his editorial duties on an Ohio daily was the writing of a campaign life of Lincoln, who sent him as a consul to Venice." The article was quoted from another periodical. It seems strange that two proof-readers—of THE AUTHOR and of the periodical from which THE AUTHOR quoted—should have missed the mark. Not knowing if any correction, since September last, has appeared, let one of my pupil-readers—copyholder is she, with all that it implies of a tenure of fortune and fame in a printing-house—have her say: "'Poems by Two Friends' appeared during my deviltry days in Sugar Alley, Columbus, O., before Lincoln's inaugural. The first friend was Piatt; the last half of the volume Howells'. A paper in this city, improving on my note as to *Lippincott's* magazine article on W. D. Howells, made it appear that this volume was alternately Piatt and Howells all through the work as if it was a double team instead of *tandem*. It was a long time before the Sugar Alley house employees could get over their Greek 'd's' copied from Howells' manuscript."

CHICAGO, ILL.

Theo. S. Greiner.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË ON BALZAC.

The article in the February number of THE AUTHOR entitled "The Realism of Balzac" reminded me to re-read Charlotte Brontë's impressions of Balzac. I quote from E. C. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë." In returning some of Balzac's novels to a friend, Miss Brontë writes:—

"Accept my thanks for some hours of pleas-

ant reading. Balzac was for me quite a new author, and in making his acquaintance, through the medium of 'Modeste Mignon' and 'Illusions Perdues,' you cannot doubt I have felt some interest. At first, I thought he was going to be painfully minute and fearfully tedious; one grew impatient of his long parade of detail, his slow revelation of unimportant circumstances as he assembled his personages on the stage, but by and by I seemed to enter into the mystery of his craft, and to discover, with delight, where his force lay. Is it not in the analysis of motive and in a subtle perception of the most obscure and secret workings of the mind?

"Still, admire Balzac as we may, I think we do not like him; we rather feel toward him as toward an ungenial acquaintance who is forever holding up in strong light our defects, and who rarely draws forth our better qualities."

Mrs. Gaskell adds: "I remember the good expression of disgust which Miss Brontë made use of in speaking to me of some of Balzac's novels: 'They leave such a bad taste in my mouth.'"

Here, then, we have a man's and a woman's impressions of the same author.

Jenny Fairman Smith.

OTTAWA, ILL.

EDITING THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, has a city home in Boston on Mt. Vernon street, and a country house in the suburbs. His magazine work is done in the "den" in the publication building, on Park street. Naturally, the den of the editor of the old *Atlantic* is hallowed with the traditions of the classic days of American literature. James Russell Lowell, James T. Fields, and W. D. Howells have been the predecessors of Mr. Aldrich as conductors of the magazine, and Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson, Mrs. Stowe, Dr. Holmes, J. L. Motley, Rose Terry, and others have lent the magic of their autograph productions.

In a recent talk with me, Mr. Aldrich said he received enough manuscript unsolicited to make *The Atlantic* all he hopes for, coming out every month. To make it what he would like to see it as his ideal magazine, he would not be able to produce more than three numbers a year. Yet he has

no illustrations to provide for and to consider editorially, and this is a great saving of time for genuine literary care. "He receives, of course, more manuscript than he can print; more good material, some of it sent to the wrong medium, through a want of experience on the part of the author. Some of this unavailable matter is too technical for popular reading, some is interesting to specialists only, some is polemical, and the proper field for all of it is the special publications.

The articles offered nowadays he finds superior on the whole to the magazine manuscripts of years gone by. There are more capable writers now than then among occasional contributors of manuscripts. The great variety that he has to select in order to meet the wants of the *Atlantic* is found among the articles sent to him at a venture. This, notwithstanding the high aim of the magazine, which is to present the brightest intellectual papers of the day. The matter used is not, as a rule, the production of trained literary scholars, rather that of writers having a talent for magazine work.

"I should say," he concluded, "that I find the labor of making a magazine to-day more difficult than it was fifteen or twenty years or more ago. In the days when a magazine editor could present one good long poem from a Whittier or a Longfellow, or a paper by Emerson or Lowell, or an instalment of a serial by one of the leading novelists, he could fill the remainder of the magazine with articles from writers not so well known. These could be quite readily obtained. Now, I set myself the test of making a magazine strong throughout. A modern magazine cannot be run on the principle of a one-character play, where a good star, with indifferent support, can maintain the attraction."

When asked what he thought of R. H. Stoddard's stock criticism on modern magazines as being given up to object teaching and utilitarian papers, to the neglect of pure literature, Mr. Aldrich answered quickly: "Oh, Mr. Stoddard does not include the *Atlantic* in those criticisms, and in making us an exception he is not influenced, I am sure, by any personal feeling he has for me as its editor. He says truly that the *Atlantic* looks carefully after its literary departments, and keeps quite free from those features to which he refers."

Mr. Aldrich might be taken for a confirmed bachelor by reason of the scrupulous nicety of his thought and habits. But the author of the "Story of a Bad Boy"—which, by the way, is largely autobiographical—is the father of two boys, who are sometimes "bad," and sometimes, probably, "good." He is socially genial, and lives among the

men of his time. — *George L. Kilmer, in the New York Press.*

AUTHORS AND THE TYPEWRITER.

I was talking with a prominent editor a few days ago, and I reproduce some of his remarks, since they may contain a valuable suggestion to many an author. He said to me: "I wonder if authors have any idea of the decided advantage it is to a manuscript to have it clearly written or by the typewriter? I suppose I read on an average from ten to fifteen manuscripts per day, and when I go to my safe for my evening's supply I find myself taking manuscripts out of their numerical order if they are legibly written. Again and again have I had a manuscript lying on my table for a month or two, putting off its reading from day to day because of the poor writing. If authors had any conception of the value of clean manuscript to editors, they would be far more careful how they send their wares to the editorial office than they are. Take this manuscript, for example. The author's name is a guarantee that there is something good in it. Yet look at that chirography. I dread taking it up. It is a positive torture. I am patient with her because I feel a personal interest in her literary welfare. Yet I know of two positive instances where her manuscripts have been returned by editors, who acknowledged to me afterward that they had not read them. Now, that woman is inflicting injury upon herself. I tell you there is nothing which makes me more prejudiced against a manuscript than illegible writing, and scores of rising young authors are injuring their own interests just in this one particular—more important to their literary success than they imagine." — *Edward W. Bok, in the Boston Journal.*

QUERIES.

[Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to answer questions asked in this department. Replies should be brief and to the point, and they should always mention the number of the question answered.]

No. 50.—Can any one give me any information about a poet called Rev. James Hurdiss? S. J.
SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.

No. 51.—Can some reader of THE AUTHOR furnish me with a copy of the list of words that Bryant would not allow in the *New York Evening Post*? F. R.

CHICAGO, Ill.

No. 52.—Will some one please give me the address of the secretary of the English Society of Authors, together with some information about the society and its objects?

J. W.
SOMERVILLE, Mass.

No. 53.—Will some reader of THE AUTHOR kindly tell me whether or not the poem, "Sydney Carton," in May Kendall's volume of verse, entitled "Dreams to Sell," refers to the hero, Sydney Carton, in Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," or is merely personal in its nature?

G. H. D.
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

No. 28.—I have found "Every-Day English" and "Words and Their Uses," by Richard Grant White, most helpful regarding pure English, and especially on those points to which "S. W. N." refers.

V. T. L.
CHICAGO, Ill.

No. 37.—The preface to "The Last Days of Pompeii" gives answer to "L. G. D.'s" question About the existence of the Blind Girl. Says Bulwer: "I am indebted to a casual conversation with a gentleman. . . . Speaking of the utter darkness which accompanied the first recorded eruption of Vesuvius, . . . he observed that the blind would be most favored in such a moment, and would find the easiest deliverance. In this remark originated the creation of Nydia."

A. L. B.
CLEVELAND, Ohio.

No. 46.—R. L. Stevenson's article on style was published in the *Contemporary Review* in 1885.

A. R.
TORONTO, Ont.

No. 47.—"C. R. C." asks what authors have written poems about Walt Whitman. Here is one that I have seen:—

TO WALT WHITMAN.

The April torrent, shining at its source,
A thread of glass above the dappled clay,
Has burst the banks along the narrow course,
And sent a fresher roaring on its way;
From hill to hill the crested waters go,
The swollen eddies heaving in their train,
As foam, and drift, and rain, and melting snow
Urge the brown billows to the tumbling main.

So has that large and crystal heart of thine
Let loose the slipping earth on either side,
And stirred the dregs of passions half divine
To flood its channel with a turgid tide;

But age draws on to waste the manly frame,
Whose broken walls shall set the current free,
And all the stream of mingled pride and shame
Roll down its burden on the limpid sea.

—Dora Read Goodale.

I have read others, but I have not copies of them at hand.

A. E. D.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Flower.—B. O. Flower is the editor of *The Arena*, the new Boston monthly. It has been the dream of his life to establish such a magazine as *The Arena*, and the initial number, as published last December, was the first fruit of years of dauntless endeavor and unconquerable energy. The magazine was not started as a business venture for money-making, but was founded on principle. Mr. Flower is a man of a very bright mentality, a fluent conversationalist, with a mind stored with information. His favorite project is the abolition of solitary confinement in prisons, substituting an industrial scheme whereby the prisoner can earn money, which shall go to the relief of his family and the reimbursement of the parties or persons whom he has injured by his bad conduct. Mr. Flower is a prolific writer, and, in addition to numberless newspaper and magazine articles, he is the author of the book, "Lessons Learned from Other Lives." His personal habits are simplicity itself. He lives with his wife in Boston alone, having no other family. He gets down to the office about 9 A. M., and works until 5 in the evening, and frequently writes after dinner until midnight. All his work is strictly confined to the office. He has no liking for society, and belongs to no club or particular church society. He is a "Rationalist," and admires Victor Hugo. He is wrapped up in his work. Mr. Flower's biography is easily written. He was born in Albion, Ill., thirty-two years ago. In that town he published the *American Sentinel*, a weekly social and literary paper. Then he drifted East eight years ago, and took charge of the correspondence and business of the establishment of his brother, Dr. R. C. Flower. He also edited the *American Spectator*, which publication was suspended when the new *Arena* made its appearance. —*Boston Evening Record*.

Gilder.—Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century Magazine*, was born at Bordentown, N. J., February 8, 1844. He is the son of Rev. W. H. Gilder, a Methodist clergyman, himself a littérateur of no mean rank. Richard Watson was one of a

family of eight children, and received his education mainly at Bellevue Seminary, Bordentown, a college established by his father. At the age of twelve we find him publishing a newspaper at Flushing, L. I., a little foot-square print, for which he set the type and did all the work himself. Four years later he again embarked on a newspaper enterprise, this time uniting with two young colleagues in the production of a campaign paper. While still in his teens he became a member of Landers' Philadelphia Battery, enlisting for, and serving through, the "Emergency Campaign" of 1863, on the occasion of the Confederate invasion of Pennsylvania. On his release from military service he began the study of law in Philadelphia. His legal career was cut short by the death of his father, in the spring of 1864. Gilder was now thrown on his own resources, with little more than his own stout heart to trust to. He accordingly took the first situation that offered, which was that of a paymaster on the Camden & Amboy Railroad. A year later, however, he returned to his first love, and we find him employed as a reporter on the *Newark Advertiser*, of which he finally became managing editor. Then, in conjunction with Newton Crane, he started a daily, the *Newark Morning Register*, soon assuming, in addition, the editorship of a New York monthly, *Hours at Home*. His duties were now many and exacting. He would work, it is said, most of the night on his Newark paper, and then, after snatching a few hours' sleep, start off to his supplementary work in New York. All the Gilder family were deeply interested in the *Register*, and contributed to fill its columns, but the paper lost money, and the two young men sold out their interest. When the Scribners started their magazine they purchased *Hours at Home*, and Dr. Holland, editor-in-chief of the enterprise, appreciating him to whom this periodical was mainly indebted for its success, associated Gilder with himself as managing editor. Thus at the age of twenty-six R. W. Gilder found himself in a position of honor and high literary influence. For eleven years Gilder labored in conjunction with Dr. Holland, and when the doctor died, in 1881, no one was judged so worthy to succeed him as the brilliant young managing editor. His incessant editorial labors had an injurious effect on Mr. Gilder's health, and he therefore went abroad, spending fifteen months in Europe. In 1875, his first volume of poetry, "The New Day," appeared. Five years later a second volume, "The Poet and His Master," and in 1885, a third, "Poems and Lyrics," appeared. In 1883, Mr. Gilder was created LL. D. by Dickinson Col-

lege. Mr. Gilder's pleasant manner, culture, and sound sense have made him much sought after in society, while his home—which is one of the old houses in Clinton place, New York—is a centre for the aristocracy of intellect. It is charming for its books and pictures, but still more through the presence of his gifted wife and three beautiful children. — *Book News*.

Hutton.—Laurence Hutton is the most comfortably situated literary man in New York. He has means independent of his pen, and can afford to write when and what he pleases. He is personally a popular man, with no end of friends among his brother scribes. He lives in West Thirty-fourth street, has a charming wife and child, and a host of literary treasures, pictures, autographs, and death masks of authors, if they may be included under the head of literary relics. His is a most interesting home to visit, as a great many people know. Once a year its owner goes to Europe, spending several months in London, where he is as popular as at home. — *Pittsburg Bulletin*.

Lossing.—One of the most honored and esteemed of our living historians is Benson J. Lossing, LL. D., who lives at Dover Plains, N. Y. His life career has been quiet and uneventful. His time for more than fifty years was passed mostly at his desk in the quiet and pleasant pursuits of art and literature. He has travelled very little for pleasure, but has travelled 30,000 miles in quest of material for his histories of three wars—the Revolution, the War of 1812, and the late Civil War. He finds his greatest enjoyment in the precincts of his family. He has lived at "The Ridge" with them and his books for more than twenty years. It is a very healthful spot, a thousand feet above the sea. He is still engaged in his favorite pursuits, enjoying uninterrupted good health. The work which he has in hand is an illustrated history of New York City in three volumes. — *The Twentieth Century Review for February*.

Munger.—Perhaps the most literary, and at the same time the most Christ-like, figure in the Congregational pulpit of the state is Rev. Dr. Theodore T. Munger, of the North Church, New Haven. The preacher is slight and rather tall, with a most pleasant face. His manner in the pulpit is most unaffected and plain. No graces of oratory are his; he merely buttons up his pulpit coat after the completion of the last hymn, and, stepping forward to his cushion, opens his MS. and goes straight to his work. Perhaps he pays too short attention to the letter of what he has written, for he seldom takes his eye off the page for long; just enough of

liberty he allows himself to make his hearers wish for more. Dr. Munger's delivery is not ornamental; it is for service of the plainest kind. With one finger on the page "to keep his place," he pursues his topic in a most orderly manner to the close. Dr. Munger, as a hearer observes, is a "thinker and a writer," a rare union; we would add, and a Christ-like man. These three qualifications make him one of the foremost figures in the pulpits of Connecticut. Thousands will continue to read his poems and essays in *The Century*, and reap the great advantage of these noble qualities, so far as they can be imparted by the printed page; but only the few who gather Sunday by Sunday in the somewhat ancient structure upon New Haven Green, and who meet him socially from time to time, can realize the beauty and efficiency of his life in the fullest degree; they only have the interpretation the voice alone can give, the presence of the soul alone impart. — *Hartford Post*.

Stevenson. — A friend of Robert Louis Stevenson has just received word from him describing his voyage from the Gilbert Islands to Samoa in the schooner *Equator*. Mr. Stevenson's party consists of himself, his wife, and his step-son, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, and Mr. Strong, an artist. They had a very disagreeable voyage. At one time the boats were cleared and supplied with provisions, ready to be launched. They, however, reached Samoa in safety, although in a thoroughly used-up condition. Mr. Strong was so ill that he was sent on to Sydney by the first steamer. Mr. Stevenson himself seems to be the strongest member of the party; he walks several miles every day, takes long horseback rides, interviews no end of people about Samoa, takes notes, and is altogether in unusual health and strength. — *New York Sun*.

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

The Western Association of Writers has sent to congressmen from Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kentucky, and other states represented in the association, a circular letter urgently requesting them to favor the International Copyright Bill now pending in Congress.

An important work upon which *The Cosmopolitan* magazine has entered is the offering of a premium of two hundred dollars to architects for the best designs for public winter bath-houses for the poor of large cities. *The Cosmopolitan* also offers premiums for plans for public laundries for the poor, and for tenement-house co-operative kitchens.

In an article in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*, descriptive of the upward progress of some New York social leaders, occurs the following bold metaphor: "I have no doubt that a great many millionaires . . . will attempt to scale the Alpine heights of society and perch upon the maelstrom, just as the Bradley-Martins have done!"

Captain Charles King writes: "The statement that I am the author of 'A Model Wife,' 'White Feather,' etc., over the pseudonym of C. I. Cervus, is an injustice to a former associate in the Corps of Cadets at West Point. Every story I ever wrote was published over my own name."

Rudyard Kipling, whose volume of short stories, under the title of "Plain Tales From the Hills," has been reprinted by Lovell, of New York, is only twenty-four years old, and is a nephew by marriage of Burne Jones, the artist. He spent the last nine years in India, but has now settled down to literary life in London.

The *London Times* now allows headlines for its editorial articles.

Mrs. Frank Leslie, when asked recently what kind of manuscripts she desired for her magazine, replied: "There are fashions in literature, quite as pronounced, too, as in our gowns or our houses. Just now psychology is the reigning fad — next to that some presentment of social problems. But I find that my public likes nothing quite so well as a picturesque love story, reasonably well told. If young people, especially women, ask my advice about going into literature, I tell them always: 'Don't write unless you cannot possibly help it. You had better scrub floors than thrust yourself into a calling where from the outset you are foreordained to fail.'"

Speaking of the relations between author and editor, John Brisben Walker, editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, recently said: "People often get angry with editors for declining their articles upon a subject, and shortly afterward printing maybe a worse one about the same thing. They call us names, and hint at favoritism, and all that, when the simple fact is that the printed article was accepted, paid for, and maybe in type, before the rejected one came in. The editor is not quite omniscient. When he accepts a fair article upon a timely topic, he thinks, doubtless, it is the best that will be offered. When a better comes, just in time to be too late, there is nothing for it but to send it back — though he sighs sometimes over the undeserved enemy he is thereby morally certain to make."

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward intends to go upon the lecture platform, giving readings from her own works.

Many American authors are going this year to Europe. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton will sail early in April, and go to Italy for a prolonged stay. Anna Katharine Green has arranged for a year's visit on the continent to seek health. She will be accompanied by her husband. Edgar Saltus will go abroad in May for the summer. Mrs. Frank Leslie intends to make a short visit to England. Olive Logan has already gone, and it is probable that she may settle permanently in London.

Walt Whitman has been engaged to write a poem for each issue of the Philadelphia monthly publication called *Munyon's Illustrated World*.

George Bancroft, who is now eighty-nine years old, says he still remembers his early literary days, when he received \$2 for a long article, and was glad to get it.

Jean Ingelow is to publish her memoirs. She will call her book "The History of an Infancy," and will first publish it in serial form in one of the English magazines.

All France is laughing over the following announcement that lately appeared in an advertising sheet: "M. Ernest Zola (of Paimbeuf), inventor of the spring nippers, notifies his customers that he has nothing in common with his namesake, Emile Zola, writer."

Short Stories; a Magazine of Select Fiction, is the title of a new periodical which the publishers of *Current Literature* will begin to issue early in April. It will be semi-eclectic in character, and will present twenty-five short stories in each number for twenty-five cents.

Julius Ensign Rockwell, author of "The Teaching, Practice, and Literature of Shorthand," published by the Bureau of Education as Circular of Information No. 2, 1884, has prepared a new work on the history and literature of shorthand, which will be published this year by the Phonographic Institute of Cincinnati. It will be a volume of about four hundred pages, illustrated by portraits of prominent authors, reproductions of curious title-pages and portions of rare volumes, and specimens of systems. Besides a historical sketch and a complete list of all works on shorthand in the English language issued from 1588 to 1890, there will be copious notes on the history of the art, on the present locations and values of books, and other matters of interest.

Five Short Stories for Five Cents is the self-explanatory title of a new weekly periodical to be started in Boston this month. Its editor will be Benjamin R. Tucker, of *The Transatlantic*, and its stories will be taken from foreign journals.

Miss Olive Schreiner, the author of "The Story of an African Farm," has sent from Cape Town, South Africa, the manuscript of a small volume of allegories for publication in England, with the title "Dreams."

Belle C. Greene, of Nashua, N. H., author of "A New England Conscience," "Adventures of an Old Maid," and "A New England Idyl: A Story for Girls," is writing a fourth book—a novel.

Charles J. Bellamy, brother of Edward Bellamy, has begun a new novel. The second edition of 5,000 copies of his "An Experiment in Marriage" has been exhausted. Mr. Bellamy is editor of the *Springfield Daily News*, which celebrated its tenth anniversary with a memorial issue February 24.

A civil list pension of \$375 per year has been granted by the English Government to Ellen Isabelle Tupper, daughter of the late Martin Farquhar Tupper.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen has an interesting article on "The Norwegian Novel" in *Book News* for February.

The *New York Racket* is a new illustrated sixteen-page paper, conducted by James S. Metcalfe and Andrew Miller, long connected with *Life*.

It is computed that the literature relating to shorthand writing would fill no fewer than 13,000 volumes, and England alone has given birth to 307 different systems.

Members of the Authors' Club, of Atlanta, are to write a novel on a new plan. Each member is to write a chapter.

"A large part of Prospect Park, Brooklyn," says the *Critic*, "was once the property of the Litchfield family, of which Miss Grace Denio Litchfield is a conspicuous member. 'Litchfield Castle,' as the homestead was called, is still standing, but is now owned by the city. Since the death of her father Miss Litchfield has lived in Washington. Having inherited ample means, she has devoted the earnings of her pen to the building of a memorial window to her parents in Grace Church, Brooklyn Heights. She is the lady to whom the pursuit of literature was recommended by a physician. It worked like a charm, for it gave her congenial occupation and developed a gift for writing, which until then she hardly knew that she possessed."

Jo: A. Parker, of Winchester, Tenn., invites every Southerner who writes for the press, or who has a love for literature and a desire to become acquainted with the literary people of the South, to join a Southern Writers' Association, which he hopes to establish.

The latest contribution to phonetic literature is a pamphlet entitled "Sound-English, a Language for the World," written by A. Knoflach, and published by E. Stechert, 828 Broadway, New York City.

James Payn is almost the last of the present race of novelists who does all his work in London. Mr. Black writes at Brighton, Mr. Blackmore at his business retreat on the Thames, Mr. Hardy and Mr. Haggard in their country homes, Miss Rhoda Broughton at Oxford, "Ouida" at Florence. Christie Murray has written several stories in Brussels; but Mr. Payn, year in and year out, plods steadily on at his office in Waterloo place.

The Philadelphia "Pegasus" now numbers among its honorary members Dr. S. Weir Mitchell and Frank Dempster Sherman. Owen Wistar, the author of the graceful poem, "From Beyond the Sea," in the March *Lippincott*, is an active member of the club.

Mr. Froude has retired to the quiet of a little village, eighteen miles from a railway station, to write his "Life of Lord Beaconsfield." The place is Salcombe, a beautiful village near Start Point, which has one of the most romantic harbors in England, formed by the Avon estuary. Mr. Froude occupies The Moul, a villa belonging to Lord Devon, which was for many years the country residence of the late Lord Chief Justice Turner.

The *Winnipeg Sun* says: "It is understood that Bliss Carmen has been appointed assistant editor of the *New York Independent*, in succession to Mr. Bowen. Mr. Carmen is a Fredericton man, who, though still young, has acquired some reputation in the literary world. The *Century* magazine has published many poems from his pen. He is a cousin of Professor Roberts, the poet, and also of Messrs. M. and G. P. Bliss, of this city."

A smarting author recently wrote to the editor of the *Christian Union*: "I am much obliged to you for returning my little poem entitled 'Sunshine,' since you have proved your poor taste in rejecting it. If, however, you think it rubbish, then those effusions you are pleased to publish are infinitely worse, for the majority of them are full of sing-song cant, and to send such a poem to you was, it now appears, like 'casting pearls before swine.'" The editor lived to print the letter.

A very interesting paper of reminiscences of the late George H. Boker, written by his life-long friend, Charles Godfrey Leland, is a feature of a recent number of *The American*, Philadelphia.

Thomas B. Connery, ex-Chargé d'Affaires at Mexico, has completed a novel of Mexican and New York life, which will be published at once. It will deal with love, diplomacy, and Mexican literature.

William Taylor Adams ("Oliver Optic") served an apprenticeship as a hotel-keeper when a young man, but soon left this for the more congenial work of teaching and writing. Up to 1865 he was master of one of the Boston schools. Since then he has given up his time to writing. Mr. Adams is a practical yachtsman, and a skilful worker in wood and iron, a well-arranged workshop in his delightful home in Dorchester, Mass., enabling him, as the spirit moves, to indulge in his taste for mechanical pursuits.

According to the *Boston Globe*, Edward Bellamy has made \$16,000 by his book, "Looking Backward," and his publishers have made from it \$50,000.

Miss May Wright Sewall, of Indianapolis, is regarded as a leading spirit among the younger intellectual women of the day in this country. She is a follower of Emerson, and was specially instructed in philosophy by Professor William T. Harris.

J. Macdonald Oxley, the Canadian writer, has finished a new book, "Up Among the Ice-Floes," which will soon be published.

Miss Katharine Pearson Woods, of Baltimore, a granddaughter of the late James Dabney McCabe, is the author of the anonymous novel entitled "Metzerott, Shoemaker." She is a strong believer in what is called "Christian Socialism." Miss Woods was born in Wheeling, W. Va., January 28, 1853. She was a child of delicate physique, precocious intellect, and remarkable memory. She was educated by her mother until her seventeenth year, when she entered one of the best private schools in Baltimore, where most of her life has been spent. She is a remarkable mathematician. She had a strong desire to enter a sisterhood, and in 1874 became a member of All Saints' Sisterhood as a postulant, for six months, but was obliged to give up on account of delicate health. In 1884, while teaching in Wheeling, W. Va., she was led to study social science, especially by the great strike in the nail works in that place.

The *New York World* offers its correspondents for the month of March, in addition to regular rates, fifty dollars for the best exclusive news story, — "beat," — and fifty dollars for the best-written narrative or bit of descriptive writing, in a regular report or a special article.

The latest candidate for the seat of Emile Augier in the French Academy is Jules Barbier. The election has been postponed until May 1.

M. M. Ballou will write a book on Mexico when he returns from that country.

White & Allen, the New York publishers, have failed.

The estate of Robert Browning amounted to \$85,000, all earned by writing poetry.

Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, will not return to this country to live, but will settle permanently in Samoa, where his health is good, and where he has purchased several hundred acres of land.

Lord Tennyson informed a recent visitor to Faringford that Locksley Hall is no particular hall, and the Moated Grange is no particular grange.

Mrs. Maxwell, who is best-known as Miss Bradon, is plump of build, sandy of hair, and ruddy of complexion. She writes steadily four days a week, and devotes the other two to riding, and she collects newspaper clippings on out-of-the-way subjects. She is a connoisseur of bric-à-brac, and declines point blank to talk about her own books. Her favorite author is Dickens. She has written in all some fifty-three novels, is married to her publisher, writes a legible autograph, and is compiling her reminiscences.

Rev. Dr. Talmage professes to be a lover of books, and yet he does a thing that no real book-lover could do. If in the midst of writing a sermon he needs a quotation, he seizes the volume that contains it, and tears out the desired page with ruthless hands. Then, taking his shears, he cuts out the particular passage he needs, and, pasting it on his manuscript page, tosses the book aside. There is scarcely a book in his library that is not so mutilated.

Allan Forman, editor of the *Journalist*, is made the subject of a sketch in the March number of *College and School* (F. G. Barry, Utica, N. Y.). A portrait of Mr. Forman accompanies the article. The same number also has bright articles, entitled "The Tendency of the New England College," "The *Home Journal* and Its Editor," "The American Stage," and "Life on the Planet Venus."

Mrs. Amélie Rives-Chanler will soon return from Europe, and will spend the summer at Newport.

Sidney Lusk's new novel will be called "Two Women or One?"

William Black is at work on a new novel that will begin to appear in one of the magazines in July. It will have a Scotch name, but the story will be located chiefly in London, with incidental excursions to the United States and Canada.

Health is a neat little twenty-page magazine, the first number of which has just been sent out by the Health Publishing Company, Boston.

"A Bound Book" is the subject of an entertaining illustrated article in *Demorest's Family Magazine* (New York) for March. The article describes the making of a book from the editing of the copy to the final work of the binder, each detail being carefully considered. The illustrations are of a high order of merit, and in themselves make up a graphic history of the work from start to finish.

A new novel by Mrs. Oliphant is coming from the press. It is recorded as an example of this lady's versatility that she once proposed to the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* that she should write the whole of one number, i.e., the serial story upon which she was then engaged, and five articles on different topics.

Lord Tennyson does not read a fiftieth part of the criticisms on his poems; selections are made by his son, Lionel Tennyson, and nothing but what is passed by him comes before the father's eyes.

It is noted that R. E. Francillon, who has issued several very clever short novels, has particularly shown a fondness for the number seven. Every novel has a sub-title, and every sub-title has the number seven therein, such as "A Fact in Seven Fables," or "A Feat in Seven Changes." Just why Mr. Francillon adheres to the mystic number has never been explained. He harps on seven as Bret Harte does, or 'used to, upon "gratuitous," or Thomas Hardy upon "tentatively."

The Writers' Club, of St. Louis, has been duly organized. Its officers are: President, Florence D. White; first vice-president, Harry E. Whiting; second vice-president, M. J. Lowenstein; corresponding secretary, R. W. Ledwith; financial secretary, Frank S. Conroy; treasurer, John Fay; board of managers, Albert Lawson, D. H. Robert, John Mueller, Dr. Frank James, F. E. Osthaus, E. W. Harden. A committee has been appointed to secure quarters for the club.